

## A SERMON ON CARD PLAYING.

Jeeminy crickets! Maybe you thought I wouldn't jump a-straddle of society's pet sin and ride it a-bug-huntin'. Well, you'll see. During my 37 years at knocking about here in this old sinful world I have been an unwilling eye-witness to a good many kinds of club-footed cussedness; but my peepers have never penetrated into the hiding place of a more useless and senseless and devil-inspired business than this infernal card-playing habit.

When I see a gang of boozy-breathed bummers gathered around an old dirty table or goods-box; when I see the cigar and cigarette smoke curling above their heads like an old woman burning a plant-bed, and strong enough to stifle a polecat, I can always guess what they are doing. They have got a bunch of old greasy paste-boards that look like they had been used for shipping-tags to send a nigger baby's laundry to hell and back. It's a sight to see them double up over those old nasty cards and smoke and cuss and play. One feller grabs up the bunch and flips off little bunches to the other fellers. Then they all pick up their bunches and look at them and say "Dam" and throw them down again. They keep that up for hours, and it seems to be awful interesting. But the only effect such a performance ever had on me was to fill me with an unspeakable disgust and a profound pity for such a set of infernal fools. I would hate to be that hard pushed for enjoyment, and I would hate to be so low down that I could get enjoyment out of that kind of a game. I would rather be a hound pup and spin around like a pair of winding blades trying to catch my own tail. I would rather stand out in the sunshine all day and admire my shadow. For real enjoyment I would rather spend my time sticking my finger in a tub of water and pulling it out and looking for the hole. I would rather do most any fool thing you could mention than to be a poor, miserable, low down, besotted, devil-possessed and God-forsaken card player.

When a card player starts into the business, he usually plays "just for fun"—although where the fun comes in at is a nut I can't crack. But of course the old devil has got some kind of an attraction hidden among those old greasy cards, and when he gets a fellow started to "playing for fun" he soon has the poor fool graduated into the betting and gambling class, where fortunes come and go with the flip of a card and where guns and butcher knives abound.

Old Satan is the champion card player of the universe, and he always holds a ful hand. He has introduced into society and the church a number of new and "respectable" card games. They have high-sounding names and look so innocent that high-toned society just falls over itself to

give them a hearty welcome. The new-fashioned "mammies" of good old Israel just can't manage to raise money for the heathen any more without a card party or a gambling game at the church, and the daughters of Zion prance around among the devil's old stud-horses till they tear all the lace off of their new Sunday petticoats. Starting with the lessons learned at the church social, it is an easy matter for the young bucks to get them a deck of the "old reliable" and go on to the limit, perhaps winding up with a hemp neck-tie or a zebra suit.

When it comes to playing cards, I don't know "seven up" from thirteen down in the cellar, and if a man should offer to learn me I'd knock him down and stomp him.

## A SERMON ON TATTLERS.

Hello there, Old Lady Tattle-trap! The Fool-Killer is out after your scalp this trip. You old long-tongued social viper and neighborhood nuisance, if you don't want me to run a red-hot pitchfork through your old slimy tongue, you had better reel in about 85 yards of it and tie a blanket over your mouth.

The tattler's tongue is the nearest approach to perpetual motion that has ever been discovered. It is loose at both ends and limber in the middle, and forked poison plays over it like lightning on a telegraph wire. It is the devil's Jewsharp, and he plays on it all the time.

The only thing a tattler knows to talk about is her neighbors, and she never lets one escape. If she hears something good about somebody she is very careful to forget it, but anything that can be twisted into a scandal is her greatest delight. She begins early and talks late, and the more she tells it the bigger it gets, until some innocent life is wrecked by the poison of a tattler's tongue.

A tattler is a gossip; a gossip is a liar; and a liar is the devil's yaller dog.

Wherever you find a tattler you find trouble—unless she is the leading lady at a funeral and then everybody is glad and in a good humor.

And say, you old breeches-wearing Gabbyjacks, I ain't through till I give your old rusty simlins a few whacks. I know some of your kind of tattlers who are just as bad as the petticoat variety, and you every one ought to be shot in the mouth with a 48-calibre bucket of mud.

Yes, doggon your hateful pictures, you've always got your big dog-ears propped open to catch a bundle of news, and everything you catch is multiplied by four times the length of your venomous tongues and published in The Tattler's Trumpet, which circulates all over the world.

Friends, beware of the tattler's tongue. The man or woman who will backbite other people to you will backbite you to other people. Don't forget

that. Treat a tattler as you would a rattler—keep out of it way.

## FUNNY WORLD.

This is the funniest world I ever lived in. In fact, I don't see an use of folks paying their money, and wasting their time going to "shows" to see somebody act the fool, for you can see people act the fool almost any old time you will open your eyes and look.

See that fellow out there who thinks the way to have a "good time" is to tank up on "good likker" until he would be ready to strip naked on the street, wallow in a mud-hole with a hog, shake hands with a dog or sleep with a skunk, and couldn't tell a crawfish from a two-tailed elephant. It would take a fool from Foolville with whiskers on him to beat that fellow at acting the fool. Yet you can see plenty of these fellows in every town, and some of you might see one by peeping in the looking-glass.

And take that girl who thinks she would be ruined if she did not dress in the "latest style," sometimes wearing hats as big as a tub, and again wearing a skull-cap, parading in short skirts, low shoes, transparent hose and half a waist, making of herself a gazing-stock for every leer-eyed pants-wearing scallawag in town. Now it would take some "actor" to act a bigger fool than that, yet plenty of girls are doing that fool act right along, and think it is "just lovely."—The Curry-Comb.

## OLD MAN GRUMPUS.

Some kind of a flea-bitten fool who disgraces the state of Oregon by living in its has kidnapped a second-hand typewriter and managed to smear his ignorance over two sheets of paper, and then mailed the stuff to me.

Just like any other common coward, this measley mut forgets to sign his John Henry to his morbid mess of malignant mouthings, in which he tries to demolish me and all my work with one foul blow from his anonymous fist.

The old grumpus don't like what I say in The Fool-Killer, and he don't like my way of saying it. He is afraid the acid in my journalistic juice will take the brass plating off of his pot-metal character and leave him with the bag to hold, as Shakespeare says.

Now I hardly ever pay any attention to these orphan letters that come struggling in from nowhere without any owner, but I merely mention this case in order to ask Mister Grumpus to send me his name and address. I want to mail him a No. 5 thimble to pull down over his head before a cat-bird plucks it for a poke-berry.

Say, Mister, here is another question you can answer while your coffee cools: Do the people belong to the Constitution, or does the Constitution belong to the people?

## PROVERBS REVISED.

- 1 The proverbs of Pearson, the editor of The Fool-Killer.
- 2 My son, hear the instructions of this paper, and forsake not the advice of its editor.
- 3 The editor by wisdom hath founded The Fool-Killer, and by understanding hath built up its circulation.
- 4 The fear of the Lord is the beginning of wisdom, but the reading of The Fool-Killer is funny.
- 5 A wise man readeth and handeth to his neighbor, and a man of understanding getteth up a big club.
- 6 Blessed is the man that sayeth unto his neighbor, "Look here! This is a good paper. Don't you want to subscribe?"
- 7 And why wilt thou be cheated by a strange paper, and pay thy money to a stranger?
- 8 Say not to the club-raiser, "Go, and come again tomorrow, and I will subscribe", when thou hast the money in thy pocket.
- 9 A funny paper maketh a glad subscriber, but a foolish paper is a heaviness to the reader.
- 10 The fining pot is for silver and the furnace for gold, but The Fool-Killer killeth the fools.
- 11 As vinegar to the teeth, and as smoke to the eyes, so is The Fool-Killer to the rascals and hypocrites.
- 12 The fool wanteth his paper sent on time, but the wise man payeth in advance.
- 13 Commit thy nickles and dimes to my pocketbook, and thy subscription shall be recorded.
- 14 Whosoever subscribeth to The Fool-Killer showeth wisdom, and he that getteth subscribers is wise.

There is a kind of cloth on the market called "duck." If a body had a suit of that cloth and it was a good fit, wouldn't that be a duck-fit?

The owners of the various armament trusts are all mighty good church members, and of course they are praying for peace just like everything. All who believe it, please stand on your heads till I can count you.

Short sermons are not only the most popular, but they produce the best results. If a preacher can't strike oil in forty minutes boring, he has either got a poor gimlet or else he is boring in the wrong place.

Strange as it may seem, The Fool-Killer does not believe in killing people—literally. It only wants to kill out the foolishness in people and let everybody live and be happy. Can you find any fault with that?

A school teacher in a Western town wrote the word "damper" on the blackboard and asked a boy to compose a sentence with that word in it. After some deliberation the boy wrote: "Our teacher is damper-ticular."

And now Bryan has stolen the Prohibition party's thunder and trotted off with it. It beats the dickens what rogues these politicians are, anyhow.

The Democrats and the devil are happy. But it came very near being the Republicans and the devil. You see Old Nick owns both parties, and he is happy no matter which wins. But some of us ain't as easily satisfied as the devil is. That's the devil of it.